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NEWS from HELL:

OR,

A Match for the DIRECTORS;

A

SATIRE.

Humbly inscribed to the Honourable Members of
the Secret Committee:

With a DEDICATION to the Emperour of the MOON.

Paul C.?

By Mr. CHAMBERLEN.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Cyaris & Carcere dignum,
Si vis esse Aliquis. — Juvenal.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for the Author, and Sold by *J. Roberts* at the *Oxford-Arms*
in *Warwick-Lane*, 1721, (Price One Shilling.)

NEW YORK
A March for the Dying
A
S A T R E



Humbly inscribed to the Honorable Members
the Secret Committee
With a DEDICATION to the Army and Navy of the United States

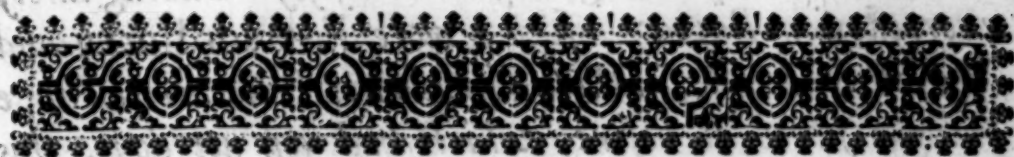
By Mr. C. M. W. D. M.

And abridged by the same Author
In the Office of the Librarian
of the Congress of the United States



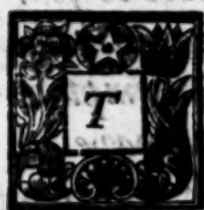
L O W D O W

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in New York-Lane, 1791. (Price One Shilling)



TO THE
 High and Mighty PRINCE
 THE
 EMPEROR of the MOON.

May it please your Majesty,



H O' you may be surprized at a Dedication from a Person unknown, and of an Orb inferior to yours; yet when your Majesty considers, that this Island (tho' at some Distance from the Place where you more immediately reside) has always been a Colony under your DIRECTION, and its Government pretty much subject to your Influence, you will acquiesce with me, that I could not have pitched upon a more proper Person. Neither need your Majesty be astonished, at my accosting you so readily in the Language of your own Court; it having been, time out of mind, habitual to the People of Great Britain: Who as they are professed Admirers of the Manners and Politicks of your good Subjects, the Lunaticks, have accustomed themselves to speak in their Style.

But

iv The DEDICATION.

But my addressing my self to your Majesty at this Time, is chiefly owing to your Majesty's having lately exerted your Power, after a more Extraordinary and Visible Manner, in these Kingdoms, than ever you have thought fit to do before, which had you not done, this Treatise had never been published, and consequently can claim no one so justly for its Patron.

Whether your Majesty thus manifested the Force of your Authority, with an Intention to assert your Prerogative in this Island, or for whatever other Reason, I cannot pretend to determine; but that you have done so, will appear plain from the following Considerations.

For whereas heretofore you have been contented with the Homage of your Liege Subjects, the Whining Lovers, whimsical Projectors, aspiring Politicians, and the merry Tribe that Inhabit Parnassus, (the latter of which have never departed from their Allegiance to your Majesty) who having their Imaginations filled with the Ideas of your Grandeur, have looked with Contempt on the Transactions of this sublunary World, and have always acted as if they had something more in View than ordinary Mortals; not forgetting at the same Time those worthy Gentlemen your Favourites, who upon any Emergency have recourse to your Aid, either at Rosamand's Pond, or else with their Temples adorned with Hemp at any other convenient Place belonging to your Jurisdiction: Nay tho' you have e'er now interposed so far in State Affairs, as to make us, contrary to all Reason, displace a Fortunate and Experienced General, and forego the Advantages we had gained in a long and successful War, to run a madding after an Enthusiastical Idiot, who with the Pride of Lucifer went a Progress through the Kingdom to receive the Homage of the Infatuated

The DEDICATION. V

fatuated Multitude: Tho' I say you have done all this, yet never till now have we been acquainted with the full Extent of your Power, which you have manifested in so ample a Manner, that the whole Nation, from the Prince to the Beggar, has been made sensible by woful Experience, what Deference is due to your Empire.

I am the more confirmed in my Opinion, that these Accidents have been effected by your All-ruling Power, because the S E A, as all Philosophers allow, is your Favourite Element; and its Ebbings and Flowings, to which our late Vicissitudes are entirely owing, generally quadrate with your Changes.

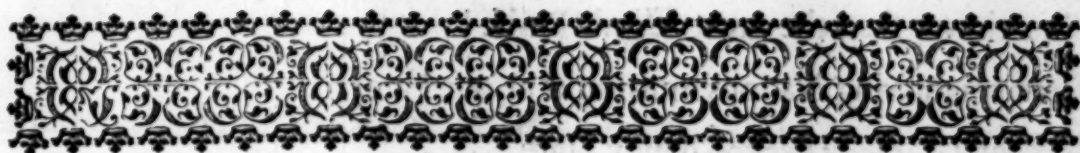
Talking the other Day with an arch Wag, he wou'd needs have robb'd your Majesty of the Glory of having contributed to our late Alterations, and said they were only to be ascribed to a Confederacy between the D.....rs and the Faternity of the Spectacle-Makers; to convince me of this Assertion, he drew a Glass out of his Pocket, and throwing a Guinea upon the Table, he bid me look thro' it; by the Delusion of which it was immediately multiply'd into Twenty. He added, that the Hint was taken from what one of the D.....rs used to practise in his own Family, it being his constant way, when he went to Dinner, to put on a Pair of Spectacles of Magnifying Glass, to delude his Appetite, as if the Quantity he eat was the more for seeming larger. Your Majesty may well think, that, as I am your faithful Subject, I was very much concerned to see you likely to be depriv'd of the Honour which was so much your Due; whereupon I told him, that tho' what he alledged were Fact, yet your Interposition wou'd still be necessary to affect their Senses, so far as that they shou'd take that for Reality which was only visionary. Seeing then that 'tis so plain that you have been the grand DIRECTOR in this Affair, I

B

beg

beg your Majesty, in the behalf of a Sinking Nation, that as our Stocks were rais'd from Par to 1000 per Cent, merely by your Influence, and can be supported but by that alone, and that their late Fall has been occasioned by our insolently trusting to our own Reason, that you wou'd again afford us your Healing Aid, since that only can restore us to our Former, (tho' but imaginary) Prosperity.

I likewise humbly beseech your Majesty, that, tho' a Neighbouring Kingdom may plead some Title to your Favour, by having some Tincture of your Darling Attribute Inconstancy, yet that may no ways incline you to a Partiality to our Prejudice; seeing their Levity has never reached farther than altering the Fashion of a Head-Dress or Suit of Cloaths; But your faithful Subjects the English, scorn to confine their variable Tempers to any such trivial Matters: no they have been Influenced by you in the most essential Parts of their Constitution, and have follow'd your Dictates in almost all their Proceedings, however important. At your Instances they have several Times chang'd their Religion, and their Government; at your Instigation, tho' to secure their Liberty, they Beheaded one King, and sent another grazing, yet they have submitted to be enslaved by Thirty Base-Born-----what Words cannot express; who have ruin'd and betray'd their native Country: Nay and to Finish all, shou'd your Majesty think fit once more to interpose, I don't know, but they might be perswaded to let them escape with Impunity. For these Reasons I hope we may more especially deserve your Smiles, since, Sure I am, no People cou'd ever plead equal Merit to your Favour.



NEWS from HELL:

O R, A

Match for the Di_ers, &c.



LL-FATED *Albion!* once the happy Seat

Which Wit and Freedom made their lov'd Retreat ;

Tho' late, alas ! so chang'd (so Fortune rules)

Thou'rt now become the Nursery of Fools.

Frantick and Mad are all thy Gentry run,

By Sharpers bubbl'd, and by Knaves undone.

Ev'n that gay City, where bright Turrets rise,

Whose lofty Summits emulate the Skies,

(By some dire Planet's baleful Influence,

Some Planet ominous to common Sense,

Is now become a Nest ; (O dismal Scene !)

For Theft and Villainy to wanton in.

Where Knaves and Sycophants, with careless Pride,

Lolling at Ease, in gilded Chariots ride ;

Whilst Men of Merit down some Alley run,

The Insults of the proud Machine to shun.

Curst

Curst Transformation! from those blessed Days,
 Wherein we sang the great *Eliza's* Praise!
 Then neighb'ring Nations murmur'd at our Fate,
 And envy'd *Albion* her too happy State,
 In such a Mother blest, in such a Monarch great.
Spain's Tyrant King feels her avenging Hand,
 When *English* Fleets infest his trembling Land;
 A just Return for his Attempt before,
 T' Invade this Kingdom with his hostile Pow'r.
 Th' Invincible *Armada* takes her way,
 Thinking our Isle will be an easy Prey.
 The cover'd Ocean seems to groan with Pain,
 Th' unusual Weight unable to sustain.
 Whilst she blest Monarch laughs at their Designs,
 Contemns their Force, and scorns their golden Mines;
 Sure of Assistance in her People's Love,
 But most secure in Succour from Above.
 Then Merchants did not seek each other's Fall,
 Nor sell the Bearskin, or for Premiums call,
 But from abroad their well-got Riches brought,
 In Ships with Spices, and with Diamonds fraught.
 Then *Gresham* liv'd (ah! did he live to see
 These gloomy Times of Want and Infamy,
 That noble Structure which he had design'd
 The common Benefit of all Mankind)
 Did he (I say) but live to see that Place
 Now prostituted to this Hell-born Race,

Eer

E'er he'd a Nest for such vile Rogues allow,
He wou'd an Hospital for Fools endow.

Affist then, Muse, to Stigmatize this Crew,
And with keen Satire their deep Crimes pursue :
Till the base Villains stung with each sharp Word,
Finish their Lives by Halter or a Sword.
So let each Knave curst and unpity'd go,
A welcome Victim to the Shades below.
Say then the Cause, whence came this fatal Pest,
Whose Venom dire has half the World possess'd?

For many Ages did this gladsome Isle
In Trading flourish, and in Plenty smile ;
A sparkling Joy in ev'ry Face was seen,
Mirth reign'd in ev'ry Village, ev'ry Green :
No Jarrs, no Quarrels, no Complaints were heard,
Men knew no Trouble, 'cause no Wants they fear'd.
Envy with malign Eyes our State survey'd,
Our Wealth increasing, and our affluent Trade ;
A Scene so gay, and hateful to her Sight,
Provok'd the Fury's Malice to the Height :
Nor cou'd she rest, till she contriv'd a Way,
To cast a Gloom upon so bright a Day.
Strait to her Aid she calls the Fiends below,
The summon'd Furies strait to Council go ;
Lean *Av'rice* first, and *Care* with Belly gaint,
Join'd with *Sedition*, *Luxury*, and *Want*.

Fear and *Despair* next take their mutual Seats,
And squallid *Sorrow* the dire Rout compleats.

Envy stands up, and shakes her snaky Hair,
Then speaks in Voice of Anguish and Despair:
Shall we then tamely sit, and suff'ring see
Mankind rejoice in Peace and Unity?
What unknown Virtues are become our Guests,
And with unusual Mercy taint our Breasts?
Shall Honesty with her pale meagre Face
Return to Earth, and reassume her Place?
Hell! are we Friends, and suffer this Disgrace?
Whilst we inglorious, wretched and forlorn,
Outcast from all the Earth, each Kingdom's Scorn,
Confin'd to Hell, for Ages howl in Pain,
Hopeless our wonted Empire to regain.
And shall it be, and we contented bear?
No let's at last remember what we are.

Think then (my Sisters) on some glorious Deed,
To dash this Calm, and make half *Europe* bleed.
O! might I now the Heav'nly Pow'rs assail,
Or o'er the Day with *Stygian* Mists prevail;
Or loose the swelling Surges of the Main,
And with a Flood o'erspread the Earth again.
This said, she stopt, and to her Seat she went,
Of her Harangue expecting the Event.

A buzzing

A buzzing Murmur thro' th' Assembly ran,
 Whether the Heav'ns t' attack, or ruin Man.
 As when a Storm has o'er the Ocean rag'd,
 And mutual War the Elements have wag'd,
 The Sound of dying Winds we faintly hear
 Sweep o'er the Seas, and whiffling disappear.

Envy be'ng sat, insatiate *Av'rice* rose,
 And with a Grin her Approbation shows.
 Silence commanded, thus the Hag began
 To vent her Malice, and her Spleen on Man;

T' invade the Heavens, and rebel again,
 Were an Attempt impossible and vain:
 But if the Ruin of Mankind suffice,
 With Joy I'll undertake the Enterprize:
 Nor think weak Virtue can the Fight maintain,
 She yields, she flies before all-pow'rifull Gain.
 Brothers by me incited cease to Love,
 And dearest Friends t' each other faithless prove:
 Mothers their Children strive to undermine,
 And Sons against their Fathers Lives design.
 Religion, Honour, Loyalty shall fail
 Against the Influence of my Charms t' avail:
 Ev'n *Love* it self shall be constrain'd to yield,
 And to Almighty Me shall quit the Field.
 And as in Defarts Beasts each other slay,
 Men shall on Men with equal Fierceness prey.

This

This said, all Hell resounded with Applause,
 All thank, and beg she'd undertake the Cause.
 Then strait the Fury quits the Realms of Night,
 And tow'rds *Augusta* takes her fatal Flight.
 Little thou know'st, fond City! what a Guest
 Thou hast admitted to disturb thy Rest.
 Soon as arriv'd, from House to House she flies,
 Under a *South-Sea* Manager's Disguise :
 Breaths her Infection into ev'ry Breast,
 Each House is tainted with th' envenom'd Pest ;
 A general Phrenzy siezes on them all,
 Lords Courtiers, Cits, without Distinction fall,
 Unable the attractive Bait to shun,
 Nor see their Folly till too sure undone.

Thence to our Isle the dire Contagion spreads,
 And Hey *South-Sea* ! is got into our Haeds.
 How goes the Stock, becomes the gen'ral Cry,
 Rather than fail we'll at Nine Hundred Buy.
 Instead of Scandal, how goes Stock's the Tone,
 Ev'n Wit and Beauty are quite useless grown :
 No Ships unload, no Looms at Work we see,
 But all are swallow'd by the damn'd *South-Sea*.
 Ladies their Jewels, and their Honours pawn,
 Nay St-----rs and G-----rs by this Charm is drawn ;
 Till being chous'd of Fortune and Estate,
 They curse the Cheats, and their Belief too late :

Whilst.

Whilst in proud Equipage the Villains ride,
 Glaring like Meteors with their Tinsel Bride,
 With Crowds surrounded they appear to Sight,
 Like Glow-Worms glitt'ring in a Starless Night.
 This Villain Crew the Innocent devour,
 As Toads suck Venom from the fairest Flow'rs
 Fatten'd with Spoils which they've from others torn,
 And for one Rich Thousands are made forlorn.
 But may these Wretches who insatiate Spoil,
 And Beggar, to enrich themselves, this Isle,
 From their vain Pride and Equipages be
 Reduced unto their pristine Infamy.
 May just Resentment the whole Town inspire,
 To drag 'em from their Chariots to the Mire,
 Just as e'er while when giddy Phaeton,
 Was mounted on the Chariot of the Sun,
 (And be'ng unable to endure the Light,
 Or guide the Courfers in their rapid Flight,)
 The Steeds who knew they bore not then his Sire,
 Leave their old Track, and set the World on Fire;
 Till their Career Jove with his Thunder ends,
 And head-long down the hare-brain'd Driver sends.
 O Bl---nt! O L---mb---rt! when the baleful Sound
 Of your curst Names the tender Ears shall wound
 Of Children yet unborn, when they shall read,
 By what dire Arts you made your Country bleed,
 With Horror startled they will scarce believe
 Villains so great, so infamous cou'd live.

But whilst I strive their Knave'ry to rehearse,
 And their deep Crimes perpetuate in Verse;
 Shou'd any void of Honour and of Grace,
 Stand up to patronize this impious Race,
 Unheard of Plagues the Reprobate pursues,
 Till Hell it self is tir'd of coining New.

Too Injur'd Isle! how art thou Bought and Sold,
 By the damn'd thirst of curst delusive Gold.
 Hast thou for this thy Liberty maintain'd,
 And *British* Fields with streaming Purple stain'd?
 To be to base-born Traytors made a Slave,
 And shall they safely thus thy Suff'rings brave?
 No! rouse thy wonted Rage, and let them see
 What 'tis to Wrong a Nation that is Free.
 Poor bleeding Country! I cou'd weep thy Fall,
 But Tears are vain, thy Wounds for Vengeance Call.
 Wrongs great as thine we shou'd in Blood lament,
 And make them dear their treach'rous Frauds repent:
 But shou'd they 'scape what's from the Publick due,
 I'll try if they'll escape my Curses too.
 Destruction, Tortures, Ignominy, Shame,
 Fall quickly down, and blast their hated Name.
 If with their ill-got Wealth they've purchas'd Land,
 May it prove barren to the Tiller's Hand:
 If Houses they have bought, let Fire destroy
 The sumptuous Seat, and dash their swelling Joy:

May their lewd Wives in Footmens Arms be seen,
 Their Daughters Prostitutes before Fifteen:
 May their Sons Game, and having lost their Store
 Be hang'd for Robbing on th' Highway for more;
 Till by these Curses being made despair,
 They end their Lives like ----- to end their Care.

Soon as his mangled Carcase lifeless fell,
 His Soul strait took the ready Road to Hell:
 Nor did he want a Guide the Way to shew,
 Full well the ample Path, tho' dark, he knew.
 Soon as arriv'd, the Fiends start back aghast,
 To see themselves in Villainy surpast.
 Strait he before th' Infernal Court was brought,
 There equal to his Crimes to have his Lot.
 Long puzzl'd was the Bench, till at the last
 Sage *Minos* for the rest this Sentence past.
 Since he has all his Life a Practice made
 To ruin Men, and to destroy their Trade:
 To starve their Widows, and their Orphans cheat,
 And stick at nought that's impious to be great.
 Let him with that curst Emp'rour be confin'd,
 Who wist at one Stroke to cut off Mankind.
 E'er long he had at his new Lodgings been,
 He form'd a Scheme to take the Devil in:
 Mindful of what on Earth he us'd to do,
 Thinks he why can't I cheat the Devil too.

The

The pleasing Thought lay lurking in his Breast,
 Till thus the King of Furies he address'd.
 Your Majesty must be at mighty Charge,
 To furnish Fuel for a Fire so large,
 But if I might be worthy to advise,
 I cou'd save Money, and yet raise Supplies,
 To make your Flames reach ev'n to the Skies.

Th' Infernal Monarch laugh'd at th' hellish Spright,
 Who thought ev'n Him, the King of Hell, to slight.
 And what (says he) ha'n't you your Senses yet?
 Think'st thou ev'n me, ev'n me myself to cheat?
 Know Fool, at last thou with thy Match hast met
 Nor shall thy cudgell'd Kinsman long remain;
 E'er he himself with all the Villain Train,
 Shall come and howl with thee in endless Pain.

F I N I S

To ruin Men, and to destroy their Race,
 To starve their Widows, and their Orphans dear,
 And sick at heart that's impious to be great,
 Let him with that cursed Ring four be content,
 Who with at one Stroke
 E'er long he had at his
 He form'd a Scheme to
 Mindful of what on Earth
 Thinks he why can't I cheat the

